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THE

HARVARD LYCEUM.

No. 1.] *Cambridge, July* 14, 1810. [Vol. I.

ADDRESS OF THE EDITORS.

IN pursuance of the Prospectus, presented to the publick about two months ago, the first number of the HARVARD LYCEUM now makes its appearance. As we must look to the publick for the patronage, necessary to uphold our paper, it is incumbent on us to unfold its pretensions and address its claims to them: Which if they do not discern and will not allow, with whatever justice their sentence be pronounced, we have no reflection to make, but that from it there lies no appeal.

It is surely an unnecessary task to argue the utility of a literary journal. The extensive encouragement ever afforded to such as have deserved it, sufficiently shows, that, in the estimation of the world, a good magazine of literature is a good thing. If the name has been abused, and employed as the herald of nonsense and ignorance, it is something to the credit of its popularity, that it has had the authority to recommend them to publick notice. What person of any reading will not confess, that many valuable hints are suggested in a course of general study, which can only be published with propriety, in the miscellaneous collections of a periodical pamphlet? To embrace these and other effusions of lighter nature and on innumerable subjects, is the object of a literary journal. It is to be the publick common-place of its contributors.

The Lyceum, as its prospectus has already intimated, is to be conducted by a few students of the senior class of Harvard college; and is to receive all the time and all the exertion, which the paramount claims of other requisitions will permit. That every number will be as good as they might make it, they do not say; but they will not lightly

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trifle with that confidence which may be reposed in them, nor fool away that reputation which they consider at stake.

The design of the paper is to comprehend every department of our academical studies, and such additional literary topicks as attract the attention of every scholar. Among these, the subject of American literature will receive our particular attention. This ought to be the theme of the reflection and inquiry of all, whose reputation as Americans is involved in the result. We shall, in the course of our numbers, endeavour to ascertain its absolute and comparative state; to investigate the causes which have placed it there; and the probable prospects with regard to its progress and advancement.

It is contemplated to present a specimen of the discussions of the various subjects, assigned for the college forensick disputations. These, as they prove one of the most popular exercises, will not form the least interesting contents of our pages.

The dry field of mathematicks has brought forth most ingenious and elegant essays, most curious and entertaining problems. It is our wish to construct or select such questions, in their various branches, as may exercise the skill of our correspondents in their solution.

We will endeavour too to convince the subscribers to the Botanick Garden, that their liberality has produced blossoms, which inspire reasonable hope of a glorious harvest. The subjects of natural history are of all others the most interesting, as the works of nature are of all others the most wonderful.

As classical literature forms so great a part of collegiate study, we shall devote especial attention to compositions in the classical languages. The prosody of the languages has been too much neglected by American scholars, and we are happy in knowing that it begins to be made a subject of more general acquaintance.

We should be wanting in our duty to the publick and ourselves, did we neglect essays of a moral and religious import; and it is our intention to devote a portion of each number to inquiries, whose subjects are not literature, and whose importance is not temporal.

As it is become almost a reproach, to a person of any literary pretensions, never to have passed a night the other side of Helicon, we assure our subscribers that a part of every number shall be unalienably devoted with religious sacredness to original poetry. Poetry we call it, it shall be verse: and what more do you expect in a newspaper ode?

In addition to these subjects, we shall ever insert under a miscella-

neous head any thing, which shall seem properly introduced into a literary journal. We will not say that all these divisions will be equally supported, nor strenuously prophesy excellence in either; "for to "promise ostentatiously is generally to insure disappointment, and we "forbear to encourage expectations, which we should fail to gratify."* Yet we have been taught to set before us a pattern of ideal excellence, and obedient to the aspirations which that may excite, and the exertions, which that may stimulate, we shall possibly succeed in erecting an edifice not weak or unsightly on a solid foundation, though we should fail of a castle in the air. The time has come when, if ever it was important that literature be encouraged, it is momentously incumbent on all its well wishers to patronize it. Prodigies in the political world have happened so frequently, as no longer to be prodigies. The foreign transactions of the last four years, nay, the last three months, the confiscation of American shipping in the ports of the continent, a hundred years ago would have arrayed Europe. Such a formidable attempt on the balance of power would have been dreaded, as much as a disturbance of the equipoise of solar attraction. Morals and religion have suffered with the civil rights of man, and all their institutions have been disregared and violated. Science and literature seem to be all that is old-fashioned and good that we have left. They have flourished even from the manure of the French Guillotine. Let us then cultivate literature, and hope that while the world has a taste for that, there is some ground of expectation that all is not lost. Remember that though we are driven from all the old resorts of national intercourse and social interchange, that we have Athens left. There we can retire to pity the world about us. America especially should cultivate literature. We have so much to depress our national literary character, there are so many obstacles to prevent our deserving, and so many prejudices to prevent our receiving the praise of merit, that great exertions alone can obviate the one and conciliate the other. Let it be remembered that, as smoke is the sign that somewhere there is fire, an inauspicious commencement may brightly terminate. This consideration we urge to those, who may find our first numbers below their expectations. To those who shall not be disappointed, we need urge no motive to excite them to patronize our undertaking. Let literary attempts be encouraged and literary success will result.

With these sentiments, we present the first number of the Harvard Lyceum to the publick. It will receive attention not undivided but

* Prospectus.

assiduous, and it hopes for patronage not extravagant but liberal. It will be conducted by those who belong, as every one ought, to parties, on all those subjects, which divide the opinions of men; but it will seldom speak their prejudices or passions. It would, they confess, be a subject of regret to them, to be denied the trial of their abilities in the enterprize they propose. Should they find that with baby-hands, but not those of Hercules, they have grasped the serpents, they will not be less solicitous to discontinue, than the publick to discourage their attempts. If therefore our paper be read, with due regard to all those circumstances, which must affect its character, and when fitting allowances be made for these, it be weighed and found wanting, no further requisition will be made on publick charity. For further patronage would be charity, and our claims are not eleemosynary. Our request for the present therefore is, that every body that has nothing better to buy with three dollars, subscribe to our paper; trusting that as we have no object but reputation, we shall make no struggles for it, which experience shall show to be unavailing.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

THE utility of classical learning has been so often enforced, that it is difficult to say any thing in its support, without adducing arguments that have been a thousand times repeated. But notwithstanding the venerable authority that genius, and learning, and taste have imparted to the ancient classicks, some have attempted to depreciate their value;—some have endeavoured to degrade them from that high rank, to which the homage and fervent admiration of ages have declared them to be entitled. This literary heresy has however been of short duration, and has boasted but of few proselytes. Instead of diminishing the reputation of the classicks, it has only exposed the vanity, the want of taste, and the ignorance of its authors.—Indeed, when it is considered that the ancients are the fathers of

literature, that in *every* department of it, they laid the foundation, and in many departments raised a superstructure which has received little either of loftiness or beauty from the moderns; it must appear the tribute of gratitude to revere their characters and to study their writings.

Our literary institutions generally are of quite a modern date, and their object has been to afford rather a superficial acquaintance with the various branches of science and literature, than a profound or extensive knowledge of any. But classical learning has certainly experienced the most pointed neglect, and a man need only to view its situation in this country to perceive the necessity of encouraging it. How great would be the surprise of a boy at Eton or Westminster, if he were told that the study of Greek in most of our colleges is bounded by the Testament and a little of Homer? The literature of a nation depends on the esteem in which the ancient classicks are held; and it is not wonderful that foreigners express so much contempt for literature, when in most of our literary institutions, (so called), little else is ever known of the classicks, than their names. Many students, as soon as they are graduated, enter on professional studies, hasten through them with all possible expedition, and are on a sudden practising attorneys. Business does not allow them sufficient time to pursue, or rather to commence classical studies, nor will they have much inclination to employ the intervals of the dry study of law, in the drier study of grammar. They usually know not enough of the languages to read them with tolerable ease; and the value of an author's sentiments is forgotten in the toil requisite to discover them. If in the course of their collegiate education, they have read Virgil and Homer; all they recollected of the former is, that in some places he is tender, and in others majestic; while of the latter, easy as he is, they remember little more than the labour it cost them to surmount his dif-

ficulties! It is, therefore, very important that the classicks should receive much of the time and labour of those, who are acquiring an education, since, on the attention which is *then* devoted to them, will depend the pleasure and advantage they may hereafter afford. Surely no man, who intends to adopt a learned profession, can reasonably neglect to acquaint himself with the most learned of all writings; without a knowledge of which he must be illiterate. No one can have any pretensions to the character of a literary man, who has not studied and admired those works and languages, from which is derived so much that is useful and ornamental in modern literature and languages. What has been written on this subject has a particular reference to the legal profession, and it will not be very doubtful whether that profession, in our own country, has not been less distinguished for their attainments in classical learning, than for their knowledge of their particular science.

A.

THE PREJUDICES OF LITERATURE.

SUPERIOR merit in composition is often the effectual screen of trivial errours. The glare of a great name is too apt to blind our eyes to those faults, which in inferiour writers would not only be readily perceived, but severely censured. Such is the constitution of the mind of man, that when earnestly engaged in the admiration of beauties, he totally neglects the observance of defects; and by habitual reverence persuades himself that there are none, or if there are, that it would be next to impiety to reveal them. But the greater the fame of an author, the stricter should be our inquiry if he deserve it. If his works merit the applause, which they have received, they will not shrink from the tri-

al; if they do not, it is time that the world was undeceived. An impartial investigation, then, of the writings of any author whatever, must either redound to his honour, or strip him of his unmerited laurels: if the criticism be malicious and unjust, it disgraces only the critick. No writer is so insignificant, as to be utterly destitute of all beauty, either of conception or expression; none so exalted, as to be free from imperfection. The barriers which oppose the progress even of the most excellent, are many and not easily surmounted. They sometimes fail in their attempts, and bend beneath the weight of the burthen which they have assumed; at others, give free scope to the indulgence of a prurient imagination: they sometimes falter through indolence, at others, through fatigue. "*Summi enim sunt, homines tamen.*" But, however obvious it may be, that the works even of the most eminent are not faultless, it is difficult to persuade some persons of the truth of it. They will not believe that a single blemish can stain the writings of their admired author. This errour is increased by the prejudices of early life. Before we are capable of forming a correct estimate of the merits or faults of a writer, we read, and admire: we do not then perceive defects, or indeed seek for any. The opinion then formed, grows and strengthens as we advance in life, and at length, when our mistake is pointed out, pride and false shame forbid us to acknowledge our errour, and self-conceit almost persuades us that we had not indulged one.

Thus celebrity is often acquired through the medium of a partial biographer, which could not have been attained through any other. The *Litchfield sage*, if the attempt of his panegyrist produce its intended effect, will owe more to the partiality of friendship, than to superiority of talents. Surely no adulation can excite our astonishment, when all the wild extravagances of the fantastick Darwin find an ad-

vocate and admirer. But the dominion of false taste is not yet established, and until it be, the praise of beauty cannot be allowed to a style so grossly affected, as his.

This weak idolatry is more pernicious than may at first be imagined. It destroys all independence of thought, and reduces man to the worst kind of servitude, the slavery of the mind. Nor is this all: we must either assert that man may be infallible, or grant that all must sometimes err; he, then, who pays implicit deference to the opinions contained in the writings of another, must be tinctured with his prejudices and foibles, as well as improved by his correct precepts. It is the duty of every one to form those principles, which are founded on reason: it is consequently his duty, never to admit the mere assertion of any one in matters of opinion. He ought indeed to pay due respect to the sentiments of his superiors, but at the same time, modestly maintain his own. If he is then misled, it will be by the natural imperfection of his own mind, not by the blind guidance of others. Admiration of no man ought ever to transport us so far, as to induce us to follow the example of Cicero, when he said, that he had rather err with Plato, than think right with others.

I trust I shall not be here misunderstood to stand forth as the champion of arrogance, under the mask of independence: nothing can be further from my mind, than to confound two principles so widely different. Great as is the advantage of independence in forming our belief, it is of little value, unless joined with modesty in expressing it. Humbly and cautiously let the veil be raised, which conceals the failings of the great. The altar of genius, though it ought not to protect errour, should be approached with reverence. We may be liable to condemn what we do not understand.

The fault of servility to the opinions of others is not

without its contrast. Those men are too often to be found, who delight to attack the works of celebrated authors; and are more pleased with having by diligent scrutiny discovered a trifling blemish, than with the contemplation of the loftiest flights of fancy, or the grandest efforts of genius. We are taught by this, that no writer is so great as to escape unmerited reproof; but on the contrary, the more sublime his elevation, and the more extensive his fame, the wider mark is presented to the shafts of prejudice, envy, and malice. Love of applause is perhaps the most fruitful source of this errour. It is easier for men to tear down the reputation of others, than to erect one of their own: they therefore fasten upon the writings of some justly admired author, and think, that every blot affixed to his name is a seal upon theirs. Gray has smarted under the lash of the fastidious critick, and Pope himself, who is almost above praise, though by no means above censure, been declared unworthy of a seat among the poetical worthies of Britain.

When the literary reputation of such men is attacked, it were well to look at the motives and characters of the assailants. As it respects their motives, a thousand circumstances might induce them to act a prejudiced and ungenerous part; as to their characters, it is as probable that they are far inferiour to the objects of their censure, as that the adulators of a writer are inferiour to the objects of their flattery. Surely, while such a man as Boswell may immortalize that name, which would otherwise have soon been forgotten, by joining it with a superiour one, and shining by the borrowed light of the sun of Europe; others, actuated by the same motives, may hope by different means, to obtain the same end. Whether any are incited by such considerations, or by a real regard for the interests of literature, the justice and candour of their criticism must decide: the probability only of such motives is suggested. Nothing more quickly

rouses our indignation, than malicious and unfounded invectives against valuable authors; nothing indeed can more injure the cause of learning. More dangerous than an open attack, from which we could have nothing to apprehend, they destroy truth, while they pretend to establish it; and aim a blow at literature with the very arm, which is extended apparently for its support.

Is indiscriminate admiration, then, or illiberal dispraise the more pernicious? This question is decided by Quinctilian, in a manner which must be allowed by every one to be judicious. "If we must err," says the philosopher, "in one extreme or the other, it were better to be always delighted, than often offended."

L.

ON MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

.....Adhuc sublimia cures:
Stellæ sponte suâ, jussæne vagentur et errent:
Quid præmat obscurum lunæ, quid præferat orbem.
Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors.

THE first inquiry concerning every study should be, is it useful and is it pleasing? When this question is answered, and we have ascertained the degree of utility and pleasure, which we are to expect from any branch of science or literature, the motives to pursue it will be laid before us, and will produce a proportionate effect. Why, then, it will be asked, do men blindly neglect many important departments of learning, while they frequently pursue with avidity such airy nothings, as can promise the rewards neither of honour or profit? Because they can always bend their belief to their wishes. Any abstruse study, which does not afford

amusement the first hour, and hold forth some invaluable benefit the second, disgusts the weak and shortsighted, and they fly from it, to seek some immediate gratification. Those, who are unwilling to submit to the labour of thinking, always find it easy to convince themselves, that any science, which requires such exertion, is without entertainment, and without utility. Another class of men, who would have the world suppose them composed of philanthropy and philosophy, endeavour to force themselves into the good opinion of mankind by saying, that no art or science deserves to be cultivated, which is not immediately beneficial to society. These declaimers, I acknowledge, are often good men and friends of true learning, and always wish to be thought so; but their benevolence, real or pretended, misleads their judgment. In the first place, they forget, that pleasure itself is utility. Happiness is the object of our existence—whatever makes us happy is useful to us. And any science, which gives delight to man, is as useful, as the art which enables to obtain more corn or more wine from a spot of ground. In the second place, if men had never thought proper to pursue any study, of which they could not see the immediate application to our wants, the world had still been barbarous. Most of the arts and sciences, which now prove so beneficial to man, and raise him above the beast in power and civilization, owe their origin to mere curiosity. They were long cultivated by the trifling and curious, before they were advanced sufficiently to be of use, and before it could be discovered, that they ever would be so.

Perhaps no science has been so universally decried by the overweeningly good and irrecoverably dull, as the mathematicks. Superficial dabblers in science, contented to float in doubts and chimæras, and unable to see the advantage of demonstrable truth, turn back before they have pas-

sed the narrow path, which leads to the firm ground of mathematical certainty; and not willing to have others more successful than themselves, like the Jewish spies, they endeavour to deter them from the way, by horrid stories of giant spectres in the promised land of demonstration, and scarcely a Caleb is found to render a true account of its beauties. How successful they have been in turning popular prejudice against such studies, every age and every individual can attest. A few, at every period, have persevered, notwithstanding the sneer of the stupid and ignorant, till they have discovered the real value of mathematicks. These are the men who think for themselves, who have an opinion of their own; and to these we must come, not to those who judge without knowledge, if we would know the beauty and the worth of the science.

Many have denied any pleasure to mathematical studies, who have granted their utility. It is to be regretted, that so few have penetrated into this continued garden of truth so far, as to perceive its delights. Here we are continually presented with new and curious facts. The pure and mixed mathematicks are the most inexhaustible source of entertainment and novelty. To them we are indebted for our knowledge in natural philosophy and astronomy. By them we are enabled to penetrate the secret recesses of nature, and behold her in her wondrous sublimity. Without them our knowledge must terminate in a few simple facts.

The advantages resulting to society from the extension of mathematical knowledge are manifest, wherever we turn. Scarce an invention to meliorate the condition of man can be named, which does not owe its efficacy to these principles. It may be said, that we can use instruments, though ignorant of their construction, and that accident could have taught us their use; as we use other bodies, when ignorant

of their component parts, and as the savage is taught the use of the Peruvian bark and of the bow. It is true, we see the unlettered navigator apply his tables, the sailor his pulley, and the mechanick his lever, though never suspecting the principles which they involve; but we can trace the origin of these aids to man from a scientifick source; and show them to be founded upon general principles, and never to have been known to barbarous nations. The improvements in navigation, which render communication between nations so easy, and which diffuse knowledge more widely, and unite the world in one common family, and the progress of agriculture and the arts, which gives to a large proportion of mankind so much leisure, are all derived from one grand source of truth. And perhaps it is not the least advantage received from this science, that it has exploded judicial astrology, and silenced all fears from celestial phenomena. We can in fact trace the failure of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, and from that, the ruin of the republick, to the terrors excited by the eclipse of the sun. And even in our own age, those who had advanced so far in astronomical investigation, as to discover the constant approximation of the moon to the earth, have feared the destruction of our planet by their junction; and from the diminution of the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptick, they have prognosticated a final loss of variety in seasons. But such apprehensions are no more. Astronomy has become a perfect science. Not a wonder in the heavens is unexplained. The immortal La Place, aided by the high cultivation of mathematicks and the perfection of the modern calculus, has demonstrated, that these apparent irregularities have a maximum and minimum, between which they will continue to vibrate. These eccentricities cease to alarm us, when we perceive them confined within given limits.

At the mention of La Place, I am forced to pause and

add one tributary word to his praise. His name must awaken the ambition of every breast, which ever hoped for distinction. He, and those who preceded him in the same pursuits, are precious examples of what man can achieve. Archimedes, Galileo, Leibnitz, Newton, and La Place, will ever be the boast and pride of all mankind. Their fame shall rest firm and immortal, as the nature of the truths, which they investigated, and shall endure, till those heavenly bodies, which were the subjects of their contemplation, shall be hurled from their orbits.

M.

POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, LIB. 2, ODE XVI.

THE following translation has but small claims, and those are altogether on the indulgence of the reader. It was prompted by a passionate fondness for the poetry of Campbell, and a wish to clothe the beautiful notions of Horace in the beautiful verse of the author of the battle of Hohinlinden. That something of the style of that fine effusion may have been imbibed by the translator, is his warmest hope.

With fainting heart, and weary knees,
The storm beat sailor prays for ease;
When heavy clouds, on boisterous seas,
Their torrents pour unceasingly.

For ease the Thracian pours his heart,
For ease, unbought at venal mart,
The Mede, whose never erring dart
Shines in his barbarous panoply.

Nor pride of wealth nor princely power
Can sooth in sorrow's racking hour,
Nor drive away from lordly power
The troops of pale anxiety.

But blest is he, whose frugal board
Is what paternal stores afford,
Whose slumbers never wake to hoard
The wealth of lank cupidity.

Yet, though so few our vital sands,
To what high aims we stretch our hands;
How vainly fly to foreign lands,
And roam abroad impatiently.

Behind you can you leave your pains,
Or 'scape from recollection's chains?
No, though he shun his native plains,
The man's himself unchangeably.

Care crowds her presence in the fleet,
And follows at the charger's feet;—
Still follows, than the stag more fleet,
And with the wind's rapidity.

He who enjoys the present day,
Reckless what future years display,
With sweet the bitter may allay,
And pass through life most happily.

No one with every good is blest,—
Death on Pelides' manhood prest,
And dwindling Tithonus confest,
Protracted life was misery.

Thy cattle graze on hundred hills,
And slake their thirst at hundred rills,
Uncounted wealth thy coffers fills,
And sounds thy dome with revelry.

But to thy humble friend belong
A little land, a little song,
And to despise the untutored throng
Of ignorant vulgarity.

D.

YOU ask'd me, I remember well,
If e'er I call'd the Muses' aid?
The truth, alas! I blush to tell,—
I call, but seldom am obey'd.

Sweet Lady, did you never read,
The Graces join the Muses' train?

And for what boon so e'er *they* plead,
They never make request in vain !

I pray thee, therefore, lady fair,
That thou for me wouldst intercede ;
And urge to them my humble prayer,
Their smallest fervours to concede.

So my first lays shall sing of thee,
To thee shall flow my latest line,
To thank thee for that melody,
Which by thy means alone were mine.

D.

THE following original Anacreontick ode needs no explanation. If it breathe that spirit, which is inspired by a high degree of φιλοτιμια, it is a feeling, which the writer does not wish to disown.

ΩΔΗ

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΑΣ.

Γελῶσι ἀι κοραι, και
Ἐρᾷσι, ὠ ἐφηβε,
Ὁταν θελεις γαμησαι ;
Φοβεμενος δὲ φημι,
Νυν, ὠ καλαι, ἐχω τρεις
Μεν ἀλοχους, ἀδελφας,
Πατρος ἑνος ἐκ ουσας,
Την Αρετην, Φρονησιν,
Και Ευκλειαν. Σεβαζω
Πρωτηνδε, δευτερη τε
Δυλευω, ἀλλα τριτην
Φιλω. Κοραι, χαροιτε,
Νυν γαρ ἐμεν ἐχουσι
Τουται, ἀει κταωνται.

M.

SOCIABILITY AND CEREMONY.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN the days that have long been past and gone, when the world had yet scarce emerged from its infancy, and men were little more than savages and uncivilized wanderers, their condition excited the commiseration of superior beings, who resolved in future to employ themselves in distributing amongst mankind such blessings, as were most adapted to their nature, and as would most enlarge their sphere of happiness. Of these blessings, one of the first was *Sociability*. She was a goddess, whose birth and education had been effected in heaven, and who was acknowledged the most lovely and the most indispensable among the whole company of the immortals. Her presence alone could diffuse cheerfulness and content throughout the heavenly inhabitants, and without her smiles the court of the gods wore the face of gloom and wretchedness. With regret and anxiety therefore were they prevailed upon to resign her, and only upon these conditions; that she should immediately exert her influence among mortals, and infuse a portion of her divine spirit into a few favoured souls, who were soon to leave this world, and thus qualify them to supply the vacancy in heaven which her departure would occasion.

On the arrival of Sociability among mankind, she was hailed with joy and satisfaction by all, as the most valuable blessing heaven could confer. Her presence was cultivated, and her divinity worshipped. Her influence was as extensive as beneficial. She cherished infant communities, presided over the foundation of cities, regulated the establishment of laws, and introduced the arts both of ornament and use. She changed the whole temper of man; and he who before was but

"The gloomy savage, lurking for his prey,"

now cultivated the arts of benevolence and friendship, and employed his time in the diffusion of happiness and peace among his fellow men. Now the desert smiled, " and the wilderness blossomed as the rose." The assistance of mutual observation and experience was now eminently conspicuous in the improvements, which the elegant regularity of art made upon the wild luxuriance of nature. Man no more languished the solitary tenant of the woods, but united with his fellows in forming and perfecting schemes of future permanent felicity. The virtues of the human heart, which, like certain species of flowers, can never flourish separate and alone, now bloomed with all their native loveliness and vigour, beneath the animating influences of Sociability. The progress of learning began to be rapid; and the expansion of the intellect was accelerated, by the mutual exchange of mental acquirements. In effect, not a blessing, or a benefit, which the gods could have anticipated as the result of the mission of their favourite, disappointed their expectations, or failed of being extended far and wide.

Among the blessings bestowed on mankind shortly after the arrival of Sociability, was Wealth, which, it was supposed, would conduce to their happiness, by affording some motive of activity and exertion. Consequent to the introduction of Wealth, arose Superiority, whose duty it was to protect the interests of the feebler part of society, to relieve the afflicted, and succour the unfortunate. Superiority had a daughter whom she called Pride; the power of whose charms so completely fascinated Wealth, that he resolved to marry her; and from the union of Riches and Pride, sprang Ceremony, an offspring which they nourished with all the fondness and partiality of the most tender parents. The stripling grew apace, and became the delight of the whole family, though they never could account for the gratification he bestowed, since he was by no means possessed of those

winning, playful arts, which generally endear infants to us, and render them the most lovely part of creation.

Nothing could exceed the anxiety of Sociability, when she was apprized of the existence of the new personage, whose birth we have just related. She was conscious of no charms, which she imagined could please him, and was well persuaded that his nature was extremely opposite to her own, and tended very much to counteract the charming effects of her government. She knew that he would be her inveterate opponent, and entertained no hopes of ever being able to conquer him. Nor in fact were her apprehensions unfounded. As Ceremony increased in years, his sway became more and more extensive. He was at first the patron only of his relatives, men, who had arrived at distinction by opulence. At the instigation of Ceremony, they would seldom suffer themselves to be approached by their inferiours, and would never acknowledge with them a social equality. Among themselves, scarce the semblance of happiness was perceived. Their intercourse consisted in formal addresses, rigid movements, uneasy restraint, and a separation at the most awful distance. Not an eye must be glanced beyond a certain angle; not a wink expressed with a too familiar rapidity. This was completely subversive of Sociability's best regulations. Her easy and unaffected grace she found entirely inconsistent with the formal and reserved behaviour of the votaries of Ceremony. What in her was formerly admired and cultivated, as tending to banish restraint, and inspire a mutual tenderness among every class of people, was now avoided and contemned as vulgar, and unsuitable to the dignity of degree and rank. Thus neglected and despised among the superiour classes of men, our goddess fled from their solemn assemblies, and sought refuge among the haunts of the lower and poorer orders. Here she was cherished for some time, until the

evil influence of example entered these humble dwellings. Their little parties must be conducted with the same ceremony, which regulated the assemblies of the great. No more was the loud and jocund festivity of honest poverty heard amidst the recesses of their humble habitations. It was obliged to give way to the constraint of grave formality, and to the introduction of reserved and unsocial habits. Discouraged at length in the city, Sociability had resort to peasants and shepherds. Her reign here was long and uninterrupted. But alas! her enemy was ever active in opposing her influence. He discovered her haunts and banished her; and though on the establishment of his government here, he found his new subjects rather uncouth in obeying his regulations; though the bow of the booby would still be stiff, and the compliments of the lover still unnatural and ridiculous; though their parties were conducted with awkward grimace, and all their motions were less winning and graceful than the bears of their own forests; yet the malignity of this evil genius would not suffer him to resign the smallest portion of his prey, nor to suppress his rage for the persecution of Sociability.

Finally, after having wandered from city to city, and from country to country, and disgusted with the inconstancy of her votaries, our goddess fled from this world and entered the heavenly abodes, where she holds sweet converse with departed saints in the regions of the blessed. She has left scarce a representative behind; and the only substitute, which has yet been found, is Familiarity; who by the disgust she almost constantly excites, but poorly compensates for the loss of her predecessor, and is a miserable alternative to the fatigue and formality of Ceremony.

S.

LIMON.*

" .....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

IF it be true, as some moralists have asserted, that the literary character of a country will generally depend on the genius of the government, and the state of civil liberty, we shall be inclined to think that Goldsmith formed his opinion of Holland from the books of other tourists, and like Brydone sat in his garret, and drew landscapes of the continent. Erasmus says, " Hollandiæ cœlo juvor, sed Epicureis illis " comessationibus offendor. Adde hominum genus sordi- " dum, incultum, studiorum omnium contemptum præstre- " nuum, nullum eruditionis fructum, invidiam summam." This agrees well enough with Goldsmith's

" .....View them closer, craft and fraud appear,
" Even liberty itself is bartered here.
" At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
" The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
" A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
" Here wretches seek dishonourable graves ;
" And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
" Dull as the lakes that slumber in the storm."

But from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the character of the Low Countries gradually improved, and at the time that Goldsmith visited Europe, their state was such as to give good cause to think, that though he may have travelled through them, as he certainly did, his observations were not those, which would entitle him to the character of Ulysses,

" Qui *mores* hominum multorum vidit."

I mentioned Erasmus—does the character of English

* This word was used as the title of a collection of miscellaneous literature by some of the Roman wits.

salutation, among the ladies of the present day, correspond with his description of it then? "Sunt hic nymphæ divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles, et quas tu tuis camœnis facile anteponas, *Est præterea mos nunquam satis laudatus.* Sive quo venias, omnium osculis exceperis; sive discedas aliquo, osculis dimitteris; redis reduntur suavia; venitur ad te, propinantur suavia; discediturabs te, dividuntur basia; occurritur alibi, basiatur affatim; deinque quocumque te moveas, suaviorum plena sunt omnia. Epis. D. Eras. 65.

So interesting an article in the history of our fair sisters should be brought from behind the veil of a language, which conceals it from their perusal. "Here are ladies of heavenly features, of easy and graceful manners, and whom you would much prefer to your Muses. *Besides, they have a custom which can never sufficiently be admired.* Which is, that wherever you come from, you are welcomed by a kiss; whithersoever you go, you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, and are received with a kiss: do they visit you, their approach is with a kiss; do they leave you, they leave a kiss with you; their salutation in the streets is a familiar kiss; and in short, wherever you turn, you are surrounded with kisses."

HOMER.

YOUNG prays for the inspiration of Homer, or of Milton, or of Pope:

> ".....like thee, Mæonides!
> "Or, Milton! thee; ah! could I reach your strain!
> "Or his, who made Mæonides our own."

Had he prayed for the former alone, and prayed with success, it would have been sufficient even for the lofty purpose, to which he aspired. From Milton, he would have

received only a second-handed mantle, which descended from the Grecian to the English bard. From Pope, he might have derived the power of versification and paraphrase; but very little of the sublime inspiration which is worthy the subjects of life, death, and immortality.

GRECIAN LITERATURE.

HOW few at the present day are the votaries of Grecian literature! Time was, when pretensions to first-rate scholarship could by no means be supported, without a pretty accurate acquaintance with the sages of Greece. Ignorance like ours was hardly esteemed worthy even of a wreath of Bœotian flowers. A man was frequently recommended by his skill in the aorists, or his profundity in the particles. But now, we are stigmatized as unintelligible and pedantick, if we dare to introduce in conversation, a Greek quotation, however rich in Attick aspiration, or Ionian melody.

SPECULATION.

A MODERN historian relates, that the ancient Grecians sent philosophers to Egypt, to inquire the age of their country, and the Egyptian priests, who thought their country the oldest in the world, replied, that since its settlement, the sun had twice set where it now rises, and twice risen where it now sets. He adds, that though the Greeks supposed this to be a fable, fabricated to gratify Egyptian vanity, modern astronomers have discovered, that these phenomena would actually take place in the course of about

thirty three thousand years. After some consideration, I doubt whether modern discoveries do explain the Egyptian assertion. Should any one be more successful in his inquiries than myself, he will give me, and probably the publick, some satisfaction by communicating his discovery; if not, I shall again notice it at some future period.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

WHO would have thought that Ben Jonson, in his fine song of "Drink to me only," had barely given us a translation of extracts from the love letters of an old Greek Sophist, of the name of Philostratus? Yet to those, who have read the Observer, this is a notorious fact. Cumberland there gives the original Greek, from which Jonson made up his song, with a literal translation. I will copy only what forms the first verse.

Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοις ὄμμασιν. Ἐι δὲ βουλει, τοις χειλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων το ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου. "Drink to me only with thine eyes. Or if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so give it me." How little does this differ from;

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
"And I will pledge with mine;
"Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
"And I'll not look for wine."

Erratum. Page 14, line 30, for "power," read *tower*.